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FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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The Two-Fold Task of Fellowship

By H. R. MUSSEY

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part II Chapter IV. By M. K. GANDHI

The Good St. Francis

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

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began in this magazine on

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HIS LAW PRACTISE
BEGINNING OF HIS PUBLIC CAREER
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVIII MONDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1926 NUMBER 6

SPIRITUAL SIN

The spiritual sin of living as if no God had brought creation into existence, as if the moral law had no meaning to the soul of man, and as if the beauty of the earth, the majesty of the heavens and the unselfishness of perfect love are of secondary importance to commercial success and worldly satisfactions is doing greater mischief than all the sins and crimes and iniquities of the body lumped together.

—Gilbert K. Chesterton.

This is an extraordinary demand of Poincaré—that Germany admit her war-guilt and ask forgiveness of the world! What does the French Premier think that Germany was doing when she precipitated her revolution in 1918, and drove Kaiser Wilhelm and his government into exile? In so far as the Kaiser, his ministers and soldiers were responsible for the 1914 cataclysm, they were severely punished, and Germany herself purged of her offense. What more does Poincaré want? But of course the question runs deeper than this. What Poincaré had in mind, in making his speech of September 26th last was the whole question of responsibility for the war, which is now being agitated everywhere in Germany as a result of the growing conviction of historians of all countries that the idea of German guilt is nothing but a myth. Poincaré has a bad conscience; he is already living in terror of the future. He sees with perfect clearness that the Versailles indictment of Germany as the criminal is never going to stand, that it is already tottering to its fall, that his own monstrous share in bringing about the great calamity is every hour becoming more apparent. "It is not for France to repudiate (her) past," cries the Premier. Why not, if that past contains the story of Poincaré and Delcassé and Isvolsky and other pre-war conspirators who stand as condemned today as any German of them all. History will take good care of all this; already "the moving finger" is writing the record which will never be effaced. Meanwhile, what is plainly apparent at this moment is that Germany has gotten rid of her war-makers, while France still honors her doers of iniquity by making them premiers, and listening to speeches in which they defame their neighbors. We can think of no one thing which could quite so effectually serve the peace of the world as a revolution in France which would add Poincaré to the Kaiser as an exile in Holland.

Germany's offer, some weeks ago, to pay off her obligations under the Versailles Treaty by putting up her railroad bonds as security, on condition or to the end that her "lost provinces"—the occupied area, the Saar Valley, etc.—be restored, may or may not be feasible. It all depends, we suppose, on whether this country can take the bonds and supply the cash. As usual! But altogether apart from the financial considerations involved, Germany's proposal serves a most useful purpose in calling attention to her present situation as a nation. She has just been received into the League of Nations as one of the great powers of Europe. She has been welcomed with effusive acclaim, and given all the rights and privileges pertaining to her rank. She sits side by side, in other words, with England, France and Italy, and exercises with them equal power and enjoys equal honor. *But*—large areas of Germany are under military occupation by these other states which are now not her enemies but her associates. Cities, bridgeheads, fortresses and coal mines, all are being governed by foreign officials, patrolled by foreign soldiers, exploited in foreign interests. Germany might well endure this without complaint so long as she was an outlawed and subject people. She had no real choice in the matter! But now that her days of disgrace are over, now that she occupies one of the high seats in the Council of the League, the situation is changed. The Versailles Treaty, in naming the long terms of occupation, never contemplated anything of this kind. Which simply means that the Treaty has become as anomalous as it is wicked! The action of the League calls for wider and more drastic changes than those effected at Geneva. Germany must in justice be restored all along the line, and the Versailles Treaty thus definitely scrapped.

That was a noble list of names attached to the recent manifesto addressed to the League of Nations in appeal for the abolition of military conscription. C. F. Andrews, Norman Angell, Henri Barbusse, Albert Einstein, Gandhi, Arthur Pon-

sonby, Romain Rolland, Count Kessler, Bertrand Russell, Rabindranath Tagore, Miguel de Unanumo, H. G. Wells—we bow down in reverence before this company of the world's greatest moral leaders. The manifesto was, of course, as noble in sentiment as the signatures sustaining it. "Conscription involves the degradation of human personality and the destruction of liberty," runs the text. "Barrack life, military drill, blind obedience to commands, however unjust and foolish they may be, and deliberate training for slaughter, undermine respect for the individual, for democracy and human life." With all such sentiments we agree. We hope that they will beat upon the minds of people everywhere throughout the world. We especially hope that they will be noted by foolish Americans who would foist conscription upon this country. But the measure of our reverence for these exalted leaders and their wise counsel is also the measure of our regret that they do not see how futile is their appeal for the abolition of conscription under the existing war-system of international relations. So long as war is recognized as a legal method of settling disputes between nations, and thus stands protected and sanctified every hour of every day, just so long is it vain to hope for any successful removal or modification of war's devices. Granted that reforms may be achieved on paper—conscription abolished, poisonous gases prohibited, neutral territories guaranteed, etc.—all these restrictions will be torn to shreds the very instant the next war comes along. Surely the last war taught this simple truth for good and all! What we must seek to abolish is not conscription but *war itself!* Get rid of war as an institution—abolish it, prohibit it, outlaw it—and at one stroke we shall get rid of all the things of war. "Seek ye first"—and last, and all the time—the destruction of WAR, "and all things else shall be added unto you."

We have found the following statement in regard to the recent third attempt upon the life of Mussolini, the *Duce* of Italy:

> Another attempt has been made on the life of Premier Mussolini. This time a bomb was thrown at his automobile in Rome. Mussolini was unhurt. An anarchist was arrested.
>
> There is no reason for surprise over the repeated efforts to assassinate the dictator. He achieved his position by the use of force. His Fascist militia with castor oil, pistols and blackjacks cowed all who dared oppose him. His enemies have been forced under cover. He has deliberately destroyed all the traditional safety valves for angry opposition: There is no freedom of speech, of the press, or of assembly and position in Italy. Accordingly, the opposition has only one means left for registering displeasure and that method is assassination.
>
> Tyranny always fosters assassination. The history of Italy from the time of the Romans is bloody with it. Proud, ambitious, and resolute men will resent forced submission to another's will and will take the only course left to them to free themselves. Mussolini has done much to rescue Italy from anarchy and revivify the national spirit. In doing so he has felt obliged to play the part of a tyrant and he has not shrunk from the use of force demanded by his role. Thus far he has escaped with his life, but we see no reason to suspect that this attempt to do away with him will be the last.

Here in these paragraphs is the whole gospel of pacifism. It is the argument of every opponent of force from Jesus to Tolstoi. "He that taketh the sword, shall perish by the sword." It applies to assassinations, to violence in labor disputes, to war; it condemns capital punishment, police severity in repression of crime, corporal punishment of children. Taken in its entirety and carried to its logical conclusions, it is the argument for non-resistance. And where do you suppose this above statement comes from? From Bertrand Russell, or Romain Rolland, or Mahatma Gandhi? From the *Nation,* or the *World Tomorrow,* or the *Friends Intelligencer?* Not at all! The above quotation appeared as a leading editorial, entitled "Mussolini Escapes Again," in the September 13th issue of that arch-militarist journal, "the world's greatest newspaper (it's own modest confession!), the Chicago *Tribune.* Thus do our friends, the enemy, when off their guard, see and confess the truth.

Infinitely pathetic was the death of Professor Paul Kammerer, suicide in Vienna on September 23rd last. We met and talked with him on his last visit to this country, and have a treasured autograph statement of his in our portfolio. We felt in him the passionate devotion, the insatiable curiosity, the heroic courage of the scientific explorer who dared to tread new paths to lost or hidden truth! His world-wide fame as a biologist sprang from his astonishing experiments in investigation of the vexed question of the inheritance of acquired characteristics. From this sprang also all his troubles. For it was his conviction, as set forth in his book published in 1925, that he had disproved the Weissmann theory, and thus reestablished the old Darwinian-Spencerian hypothesis. Most scientists did not agree with him. In England, characteristically, he was listened to with respect; but in this country, as in his own country, he was met with mingled contempt and ridicule. The battle, conducted for years at great cost, was evidently too much for him; his sensitiveness lacked the armor-plate of patience which protected such a man as Pasteur, for example. And so on the eve of his departure for Russia, to take the high place in the University of Moscow, with which the Soviets had honored him, he shot himself. If this would have happened had not Kammerer suffered as well, what all Austrian savants have suffered, the hunger, the poverty, the wretchedness of the war and post-war years, is a question. But now it has happened, and the world has lost one of its greatest scientists. As to the merits of the controversy, of which he was for years the storm-center, we are of course quite

incompetent to judge. We simply record the fact that, at the recent meeting of the British Association, Professor MacDougal presented experiments which seemed to substantiate afresh the inheritance of acquired characteristics. If Kammerer was right, his name is immortal.

The Two-Fold Task of Fellowship

Those of us who believe that the coming of the kingdom is a matter of the spirit, and not of devices, probably do well to remind ourselves occasionally what is the whole task of fellowship in these present days. It is easy to see, in shallow form, one part of that task, harder really to see both parts in their length and breadth, hardest of all to combine the two in life. As a result most of us content ourselves with attending to one part or the other, like a man who should attempt to walk on one leg, forgetting that he is a two-legged creature. It is not thus that fellowship is to be lived, and by being lived, promoted.

In his striking book on "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism," Mr. R. H. Tawney points out the historic claim of the church to rule the whole of life, even to the extent of laying down rules of conduct for men in everyday business relations. Those rules, developed under simple economic conditions, did not and could not fit the necessities of the new economic world that came into existence after the fifteenth century. Intellectually unable to formulate and unable to enforce a new code adequate to control this new life, the church practically abdicated, turning over the whole great world of business and political affairs to the economist and the political scientist to serve their twin gods of *laissez faire* and nationalism, individual and national selfishness; while the church itself burned its incense on the altars of a far-away God, and vaguely urged men to love him and his children, preaching brotherly love in a vacuum, as it were. But to tell men to love their brethren in general, in a world where a simple change in the American tariff, for example, may reduce workers in Europe and Asia and Africa to nakedness and beggary, is to utter pious nothings. Genuine believers in fellowship face a sterner task.

The first part of it is hard enough. It is nothing less than to formulate an ethic of individual conduct, and then to live it, in the world as it is, the world in which our everyday acts have come to affect every day millions of persons whom we never see, whose very existence, sometimes, we never suspect. It is no longer enough to be kind and generous and friendly, or even to practice all the virtues, in direct personal relations, hard as that is for most of us, and endless as is the task of holding ourselves up to that standard. But personal responsibilities in impersonal relations present a perpetual intellectual puzzle. I have a few thousand dollars to invest. How shall I place them so as to be of as much use as possible to others as well as myself? I am a merchant in a world of sharp competition, or a lawyer in a world of sharp practice. How shall I steer my course between the Scylla of cheating and deceit on the one hand, and the Charybdis of bankruptcy and failure on the other? I am a large employer of labor controlling a considerable amount of capital. How shall I direct my action, amid all the multifarious perplexities of business chance and change, so that not only my hundreds of employees, but my hundreds of thousands of customers, scattered it may be all over the world, shall all of them come as near as may be to the possibilities of life that are in them? To these and a myriad of questions like them the principle of fellowship must find an answer if it is to be a living thing. Manifestly it can find no answer in generalities, only in the application of the principle in the specific case in the light of the broadest knowledge and thought. The principle itself has never been, and cannot be, better stated in the abstract than in the age-hallowed commandment "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The difficulty comes in answering the question that inevitably follows, "Who then is my neighbor?" and having answered that question, in learning how my acts really affect him.

In practical effect my neighbor is everyone whom my acts in any way affect. Today that means at last remove practically every inhabitant of the globe. Did not Senegalese soldiers and Chinese coolies die in France by reason of rivalries rooted in the habits of life and thought of Englishmen and Frenchmen and Germans and Russians? My fellowship must be all-embracing; but I cannot love as myself abstract Kamchatkans and Hottentots and Maoris, or even abstract Scotchmen and Italians and Swedes. The personal task of fellowship today is demanding a breadth of acquaintance, a catholicity of temper and taste, a capacity for imagination and sympathy, such as were never before required. The technique of fellowship, so to speak, in the realm of personal practice, has been made immensely more difficult by the industrialization and business unification of entire countries and the whole world. Righteous emotion toward people we know and like is cheap and common, but that is not fellowship. The personal practice of fellowship today requires the utilization to the uttermost

of all one's resources of knowledge, all one's powers of intellect and imagination. It is a task for the whole man.

But even that is only half of what is demanded. Little as we yet know of psychology, and unscientific as is social science, we do know that no personal excellence and no individual action, even of outstanding men, can suffice to lead the generality of men, save for a little time, to act according to the principle of fellowship, if the social arrangements under which they live contradict that principle. Within limits that I cannot pass without losing my place in society, I may if I will practice fellowship even in a world whose industrial order is based on getting, not on doing or giving, and whose political system is one of patriotically sanctified selfishness. I may practice fellowship in such a world, but I am no better than a fool if I expect men in general to do so, or expect by any amount of preaching to induce them to do so. Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. Tired as we grow of professional reformers, too many of whom are anxious to reform everything in the world but themselves, and cautious as we have wisely grown of new schemes of industrial, political and social salvation, no man is entitled to call himself a believer in the principle of fellowship who is not forever bringing the whole social order to the test of that principle, who is not accepting it as part of his responsibility to help remake that order in accordance with the principle. This again is no task for the emotions. It demands knowledge, of the broadest and most exact character; it requires thought, of the highest and most difficult kind. No man indeed by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature, but the days of blindfold social change ought to be over. The necessary thinking cannot be done by proxy, cannot be trusted to the professionals who disavow all interest in results; proudly, emptily and for the most part falsely proclaiming themselves devotees purely of "truth for truth's sake." The would-be advocate of fellowship who dares not avow himself today a reformer prepared, if necessary, to go to the very bottom proclaims either his intellectual imbecility or his moral cowardice. But if, after such avowal, he then rushes on to some simple copyright scheme of salvation, he proclaims in turn his own rashness, shallowness and ignorance. Blink the fact as we may, social reform today is the supreme task of thinking men, the true pioneering of our time. If the believers in fellowship are intellectually incapable of thinking out the steps in such reform, then they need not complain if the future lies with those whose faith is in hatred and violence. The task laid upon us, then, is a double one—to find and to live personally, so far as that is possible today, the life of fellowship that discovers all men for neighbors, and along with that to give the utmost powers of mind and spirit to finding the ways in which our social arrangements may be shaped and re-shaped in the direction of an order instinct with the possibilities of such a life for all men. It is a task for men.

H. R. Mussey.

Jottings

A race of pygmies has been discovered in Africa, who talk only in whispers. "Their life is very quiet." These people are obviously barbarians. Teach them how to make a noise, and thus civilize them!

As a writer of romance, Bruce Barton is indeed incomparable. In his now famous interview with Calvin Coolidge, as in his equally famous book on Jesus ("The Man Nobody Knows"), the hero is unrecognizable to history.

Dr. H. Paul Douglass, well known for his survey of St. Louis churches, has recently completed a survey of Springfield (Mass.) churches. His findings are interesting:

> It may be said with some color of justification that the survey shows Protestantism in Springfield to be an organized religious movement of doubtful success with incoherent and inefficient units working with poor command of the facts, and deficient in the moral qualities that lie under institutional strength; that the churches are illogically related to the city geographically, having only one common principle consistently followed, namely, to get as far off as possible from the socially undesirable areas. The best interpretation which the survey can put upon the situation is that Springfield Protestantism has a fighting chance.

Here is a judgment based on *facts,* as contrasted with padded church statistics, formal ecclesiastical reports, and pious hopes.

Thomas Huxley and his grandson, Aldous Huxley, are typical of their respective periods. The difference between them is the difference between the Victorian Age and our own contemporary modern age. The measure of this difference is the measure of our civilization's decline in fifty years.

France, we are told, is too proud ever to submit to the indignity of subserviency to the United States. Pity, under these circumstances, that France is not proud enough to try, at least, to pay her honest debts!

Announcement is made that Marconi has invented and successfully tested a "loud-speaker" that can be heard for ten miles. O Lord, now lettest thy servant depart in peace! J. H. H.

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence]

I

Every nation has a side, on which it specializes in playing the fool. An incident has just occurred in American life which illustrates well the fool-side of Americans. Being a good American, I have a perfect right to mention it, with the prayer that it may convert some from the errors of their ways. Americans are foolishly gullible in their attitude toward nobility or royalty. Posing before the world as democratic, Americans will do more and go further to hobnob with nobility than will any other people on earth. Be it said to their shame. And they seem to be incurable. The incident to which I referred is delicious and ought to be told all over the world. A young Hungarian youth of 19 years passed himself off as "Baron Frederick von Krupp." And he took in our leading "nobility." Among the families he gulled were the Fords, of Automobile fame; the Firestones of Rubber fame; the Duponts of Powder fame; the Boks of World-Peace fame; the Derns of the Utah State-mansion. And other lesser lights, too numerous to mention. Henry Ford even gave him a machine "with my compliments" for a trip across the country, patting him on the back as a farewell. Firestone, Sr. showed him personally through his big factory at Akron, and had a photograph of himself and his son, Harvey, along with the "baron,"—and sent him up to Detroit in a Cadillac, where in a private suite of rooms he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bok.

And will this cure Americans? No, for all that is being done about it is to arrest young Robert Gabor, fake "Baron," for passing bad checks. One would think that preachers, editors, publicists would hound this idea out of the American psychology, but they won't or can't. It is only a bit of evidence how shallow is the democracy of all of us and of how strong a hold English tradition has on the American imagination. Crowds of Americans still roam around England and Europe, paying their good round dollars to see and sit down in some chair that once was occupied by some robber baron or priest, to see the ink-stain on the wall made by Luther when he threw his bottle at the devil, or to see the spot where the rooster crowed, whose crow Peter heard when he denied his Lord. Such foolishness is quite general, but when it comes to being gulled by fake nobility, like "Baron Frederick von Krupp"—and he a German too—Americans take the prize. As an American, I hope that the world will guffaw this foolishness out of them.

While I am on the subject, let me refer to another bit of "democratic" foolishness in which Americans indulge. A photograph of Mussolini and Mellon was quite generally published in the press of the country last week. It was taken while they were together in Rome recently. Of course Mellon is the official high-priest of finance in America. And Mussolini, no one has charged him with being a democrat. This fine picture, as large as a cartoon, might have had as a caption, "The World at Last Safe for Democracy." Or, under the picture there might have been run the words, "A fine photograph of Mellon and Trotsky will be presented in tomorrow's issue," but this was not done. All of which shows how easily multitudes of Americans in their foolish attitudes can swallow with a gulp Mussolinis and fake-noblemen. I feel quite sure that in gullibility of this kind, Americans easily wear the largest fool's cap.

II

The art of selling is highly cultivated in America. A friend, a college instructor, invited me last week to come and hear him while he talked to a class of thirty salesmen, connected with a washing machine corporation. For two hours I listened to lecture and questions covering the subject of how to approach and overcome the buying public. I noted that not only was there a strong competition between the makers of different washing machines, but even more between the sellers of the same machine. The proprietor present, said at the close of the lessons, that he would offer a substantial bonus (sum unnamed) for the salesman bringing in the most sales for next week. I was greatly interested in the methods of attacking the public,—for was not I of the public, of "being specific, not general in attack" which reminded me of the familiar order of "shoot to kill." And, said my friend, the lecturer, "Don't bother with the dead ones" and "Make your approach at some open place, which your psychological training will indicate." So, I said to myself, selling is one of the high arts of business. And I at once began to sympathize with the public. And I looked around upon these thirty men—averaging 35 years of age—and said to myself, and if these don't sell, what then? There was but one answer, someone else stood ready at hand to try. And my sympathy was with these thirty men thus compelled to sell, or fall out of the game.

I wanted to ask a question about the selling factor in business. What effect does the method have upon the product? Will my readers think this out? What I am trying to make clear is the fact that perhaps the most conspicuous element in American business is emphasis placed on the art of selling. It may, on the whole, be a good thing. That there is a dangerous side to the selling art was brought forcibly to me when on coming home my eye turned to the words of John R. Brown, general secretary of the United Charities of St. Paul, commenting on Secretary Lane's remarks on the influence of the churches in selling the world war to the churches. Mr. Brown says, "The churches, according to Secretary Lane, were the most efficient and direct of the agencies used during the war to create public sentiment and to advertise the Liberty loans, to aid in recruiting and to put over the great appeal of war benevolences. According to him, but for the churches the war would not have been sold to the country communities, villages, and small towns of the United States." If one wishes to understand modern American life, I should advise him to study selling, as seen in the press, on bill boards, in factories, in church activi-

ties, in education. A teacher of my acquaintance was engaged, chiefly, because he was "able to sell chemistry to the pupils." It is no longer, "Who will buy? Who will buy?" But, "Who can sell? Who can sell?"

SYDNEY STRONG.

A Manifesto Against Conscription

We publish today a manifesto against conscription over the signatures of some of the most eminent men of letters and science drawn from different countries of Europe. Outside Europe Japan adds one signature and India half a dozen, among them Dr. Tagore and Mr. Gandhi. It is curious to reflect that of the two great European peoples unrepresented one is the country of Mazzini and the other the country of Tolstoy. The manifesto does not put any new truth before the world, nor does it find any new argument for the cause it pleads. This is not surprising, for the case against conscription is almost everywhere admitted on paper among the peoples for whom these public men and women speak. There is one reason why this appeal can be made today with greater hope of ultimate success than in the past. Before the war there was no political organization that could give voice and authority to public opinion. By different kinds of international action, the creation of international courts and codes and international conferences, something could be done after long delays to deal with some particular abuse; today we have in the Assembly of the League of Nations a Parliament where popular opinion can make itself heard and machinery for making laws. It is, therefore, well worth while for leading men and women of all countries to unite in an effort to educate the public opinion of Europe on the dangers and evils of a system which most Continental people had accepted as a regrettable necessity before the Great War and most of them had hoped to see extinguished at the Peace.

APPEAL TO LEAGUE OF NATIONS

During the war people in all the countries determined to throw off for ever the yoke of militarism, and, when peace came, the League of Nations was welcomed as the offspring of this hope. It is our duty to see that the terrible suffering of the war does not recur.

We call for some definite step towards complete disarmament, and the demilitarizing of the minds of civilized nations. The most effective measure towards this would be the universal abolition of conscription. We therefore ask the League of Nations to propose the abolition of compulsory military service in all countries as a first step towards true disarmament.

It is our belief that conscript armies, with their large corps of professional officers, are a grave menace to peace. Conscription involves the degradation of human personality, and the destruction of liberty. Barrack life, military drill, blind obedience to commands, however unjust and foolish they may be, and deliberate training for slaughter, undermine respect for the individual, for democracy and human life.

It is debasing human dignity to force men to give up their lives or to inflict death against their will, or without conviction as to the justice of their action. The State which thinks itself entitled to force its citizens to go to war will never pay proper regard to the value and happiness of their lives in peace. Moreover, by conscription the militarist spirit of aggressiveness is implanted in the whole male population at the most impressionable age. By training for war men come to consider war as unavoidable and even desirable.

By the universal abolition of conscription, war will be made less easy. The government of a country which maintains conscription has little difficulty in declaring war, for it can silence the whole population by a mobilization order. When governments have to depend for support upon the voluntary consent of their peoples, they must necessarily exercise caution in their foreign policies.

In the first draft of the Covenant of the League of Nations President Wilson proposed to make conscription illegal in all affiliated countries. It is our duty to restore the original spirit which created the League, a spirit shared by many of those who fought in the war, and professed by many of the statesmen of the countries concerned. By the universal abolition of conscription we can take a decisive step towards peace and liberty. We therefore call upon all men and women of goodwill to help create in all countries a public opinion which will induce governments and the League of Nations to take this definite step to rid the world of the spirit of militarism, and to open the way to a new era of freedom within nations and of fraternity between them.

The signatories include:

C. F. Andrews, India; Norman Angell, England; Henri Barbusse, France; Annie Besant, India; Lieutenant General G. J. W. Koolemans Beynen, Holland; Margaret Bondfield, England; Edward Carpenter, England; General von Deimling, Germany; Miguel de Unamuno, Spain; Georges Duhamel, France; Professor Einstein, Germany; Professor August Forel, Switzerland; M. K. Gandhi, India; Professor Edward Geismar, Denmark; Pierre Hamp, France; Dr. Friedrich Hertz, Austria; Professor Felix Iversen, Finland; Professor Otto Jespersen, Denmark; Dr. Luis Jiménez de Asua, Spain; Toyohiko Kagawa, Japan; Count Harry Kessler, Germany; Chr. L. Lange, Norway; George Lansbury, M.P., England; Carl Lindhagen, M.P., Sweden; Paul Lobe, President of the Reichstag, Germany; Professor Jos. Macek, Czecho-Slovakia; Professor G. Marañon, Spain; Victor Margueritte, France; Lord and Lady Parmoor, England; Georges Pioch, France; Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., England; Professor Em. Radl, Czecho-Slovakia; Professor Leonhard Ragaz, Switzerland; Lajpat Rai, India; Romain Rolland, France; Bertrand Russell, England; Maior General von Schönaich, Germany; Dr. Ignaz Seipel, Austria; Hilda Seppälä, M. P., Finland; Robert Smillie, M. P., England; Philip Snowden, M. P., England; Professor Emil Svoboda, Czecho-Slovakia; Helena M. Swanwick, England; Rabindranath Tagore, India; Fritz von Unruh, Germany; General Verraux, France; and H. G. Wells, England.

H. Runham Brown, Hon. Sec., 11 Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1926)

PART II—CHAPTER IV

The First Shock

Disappointed I left Bombay and went to Rajkot where I set up my own office. Here I got along moderately well. Drafting applications and memorials brought me in on an average Rs. 300 a month. For this work I had to thank influence rather than my own ability, for my brother's partner had a settled practice. All applications, etc., which were really, or to his mind, of an important character, he sent to big barristers. To my lot fell the applications to be drafted on behalf of his poor clients.

I must confess that here I had to compromise my principle of giving no commission, which in Bombay I had so scrupulously observed. I was told that conditions in the two cases were different; that whilst in Bombay commissions had to be paid to touts, here they had to be paid to Vakils who briefed you; and that here as in Bombay, all barristers, without exception, paid a percentage of their fees as commission. The argument of my brother was, for me, unanswerable. "You see," said he, "that I am in partnership with another Vakil. I shall always be inclined to make over to you all our cases that you can possibly deal with, and if you refuse to pay a commission to my partner, you are sure to embarrass me. As you and I have a joint establishment, your fee comes to our common coffers, and I automatically get a share. But what about my partner? Supposing he gave the same case to some other barrister, he would certainly get his commission from him." I was taken in by this plea, and felt that if I was to practice as a barrister, I could not press my principle regarding commissions in such cases. That is how I argued with myself, or to put it bluntly, how I deceived myself. Let me add, however, that I do not remember ever to have given a commission in respect of any other case.

Though I thus began to make both ends meet, I got the first shock of my life about this time. I had heard what a British officer was like, but up to now had never been face to face with one.

My brother had been secretary and adviser to the late Ranasaheb of Porbander before he was installed on his *gadi*, and hanging over his head at this time was the charge of having given wrong advice when in that office. The matter had gone to the Political Agent who was prejudiced against my brother. Now I had known this officer when in England and he may be said to have been fairly friendly to me. My brother thought that I should avail myself of the friendship and putting in a good word on his behalf try to disabuse the Political Agent of his prejudice. This I did not at all like. I should not, I thought, try to take advantage of a trifling acquaintance in England. If my brother was really at fault, what use was my recommendation? If not, he should submit a petition in the proper course and, confident of his innocence, face the result. My brother did not relish this advice. "You do not know Kathiawad," he said. "And you have yet to know the world. Only influence counts here. It is not proper for you, a brother, to shirk your duty, when you can clearly put in a good word about me to an officer you know."

I could not refuse him, so I went to the officer much against my will. I knew I had no right to approach him and was fully conscious that I was compromising my self-respect. But I sought an appointment and got it. I reminded him of the old acquaintance but I immediately saw that Kathiawad was different from England; that an officer on leave was not the same as an officer on duty. The Political Agent owned the acquaintance, but the reminder seemed to stiffen him. "Surely you have not come here to abuse that acquaintance, have you?" appeared to be the meaning of that stiffness, and seemed to be written on his brow. Nevertheless I opened my case. The *sahib* was impatient. "Your brother is an intriguer. I want to hear nothing more from you. I have no time. If your brother has anything to say, let him apply through the usual channels." The answer was enough, was proper. But selfishness is blind. I went on with my story. The *sahib* got up and said: "You must go now."

"But please hear me out," said I. That made him more angry. He called his peon and ordered him to show me the door. I was still ranting when the peon came in, placed his hands on my shoulders and put me out of the room.

The *sahib* went away as also the peon, and I departed fretting and fuming. I at once wrote out and sent over a note to this effect: "You have insulted me. You have assaulted me through your peon. If you make no amends I shall have to proceed against you."

Quick came the answer through his *sowar*:

"You were rude to me. I asked you to go and you would not. I had no option but to order my peon to show you the door. Even after he asked you to leave the office, you did not do so. He therefore had to use just enough force to send you out. You are at liberty to proceed as you wish."

With this answer in my pocket, I came home crestfallen, and told my brother all that had happened. He was grieved but was at a loss as to how to console me. He spoke to his Vakil friends. For I did not know how to proceed against the *sahib*. Sir Pherozeshah Mehta happened to be in Rajkot at this time, having come for some case. But how could a junior barrister like me dare to see him? So I sent him the papers of my case, through the Vakil who had engaged him, and begged for his advice. "Tell Gandhi," he said, "such things are the common experience of many Vakils and barristers. He is still fresh from England, and hot-blooded. He does not know British officers. If he would earn something and have an easy time here, let him tear

up the note and pocket the insult. He will gain nothing by proceeding against the *sahib*, and on the contrary, will very likely ruin himself. Tell him he has yet to know life."

The advice was as bitter as poison to me but I had to swallow it. I pocketed the insult, but also profited by it. "Never again shall I place myself in such a predicament, never again shall I try to exploit friendship as I have," said I to myself, and since then I have never been guilty of a breach of that determination. The shock changed the course of my life.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

The Good St. Francis

(Died, October 3, 1226)

Assisi is much like other Italian cities, and much the same today as it was seven hundred years ago. The feudal castle has crumbled and the walls built in 1201 are in ruins, but the rest of the town stands as it has stood these many centuries. Above the city looms Mount Subasio; at its feet stretches the Umbrian plain. The streets run in terraces half-way up the steep hillside, and "the crowded houses clamber up the rocks like children a-tiptoe to see all that is to be seen." (Sabatier.) The place is quiet, but wonderfully cheerful. There is an atmosphere of simplicity, beauty, and the piety of ancient days.

Through the streets of this Assisi, the other day, passed a great and solemn procession. There were banners and torches, lifted emblems and holy relics, chanted songs in the listening ears of the people. There was something splendid about this parade. It moved as though to some cathedral, for the celebration in pomp and majesty of a victory of arms or the coronation of a prince. But it came not to the cathedral nor even to the public square, but sought out a narrow street, and a house so precisely like the other houses as to be scarcely distinguishable. There the procession stopped, and the officials and prelates and barefoot pilgrims knelt before it, and offered up long prayer and adoration.

This house was the home of Francis of Assisi, dead these seven hundred years since 1226. And the Catholic Church, and all churches throughout the world, are celebrating a year of jubilee for the good and gentle saint.

I.

Seven hundred years is a long time to be remembered. Of all the millions who lived and died in the 13th century, are there a dozen whose names you know? If you turn the pages of history, can you find a hundred, outside the crowding names of kings and popes and other potentates by whose reigns we conveniently date the passing of old time? Yet Francis is remembered, as he will always be remembered. And if we look for the reason, we meet curious facts. For Francis was a beggar, clothed only in a robe of coarse texture, having no home or family, living with paupers and outcasts, indifferent to fame and power and pride of place, spending his time in nursing the sick, feeding the poor, talking to the birds, caressing the flowers of the field, singing songs of praise to God. His was a strange, almost a fantastic life. He was a sort of Don Quixote of the spirit. Yet he seems to remind us inevitably of that Nazarene who had "not where to lay his head," consorted with "publicans and sinners," lived as humbly and loved as dearly, and is as gladly remembered by mankind.

There was no need for Francis to seek strange ways of life. Born in 1182, the son of Pietro Bernadone, a rich cloth merchant, he became in early youth one of the most prodigal and popular young men of the town. His money, spent lavishly on the prevalent vices of the time, gathered the idle nobles about him, and his gayety and charm bound them to him in reckless comradeship. Never was such a company of roisterers—drinking, feasting, romping through the streets in festive merry-making, swaggering in wild and bloody brawls, rushing to the wars as to a joust, enduring defeat and captivity as one more "lark." It was a mad life, crowded with dissipations, and yet with color and beauty in it. For Francis was something more than a mere debauchee. This was the age of the troubadors, and the chivalry which they celebrated. This gay Assisan, son of a tradesman, had heard their songs, and yearned to be one of "the most perfect, gentyle knights" of which they told. "He had conceived a sort of passion for chivalry," says Sabatier, in his biography, "and fancying that dissipation was one of the most distinguishing features of nobility, he had thrown himself into it with all his soul." Then, as later, there was nothing half-way about Francis. He had caught a vision, however distorted, of something high and far, and he sought, in the spirit of utter abandon, to attain it.

Such a life, especially when pursued with such intensity, had its crises. Francis to the end of his days was a man of moods; dark clouds followed hard upon sunshine. A severe illness in his twenty-second year stirred the young blade to a contrition which was more than half physical revulsion from his excesses. A humiliation visited upon him by his noble companions, grown resentful of his pretensions, shocked him to sudden thought. He became downcast, sought for solitude in the fields and woods about Assisi, began frequenting the shrines and holy places which dotted the countryside. All along, even in his wildest days, there had been something deep within him that occasionally rose to master him and induce him to strange acts. Thus, from childhood, he was mindful of the poor, and impulsively on occasion gave them all the money he had about him and even his clothes. Once he borrowed a beggar's rags, and spent the day beseeching alms, that he might know the sensations of poverty. At another time he met a leper, and instinctively turned his horse away in disgust. Then suddenly, not knowing why, he leaped from his steed, bowed himself in the dust, kissed the leper, and emptied his purse into his hand. This tender, pitying side of his nature rose at first like intermittent waves within him, then like a tide that flooded all his being.

One day Francis was praying before the altar of St. Damian, an old church fallen in ruins. Suddenly it seemed as though the figure of Jesus upon the cross appealed to him, spoke to him in words of ineffable beauty. The inevitable psychological crisis had come. Francis rose from his knees a changed man. Hastening home, he sold his horse and goods, and gave the money to the priest for the repair of his shrine. He himself remained there, and carried stones for the rebuilding. Berated by his outraged father, he fled to seclusion in the woods, only to return after a few days to proclaim his mission to the people of Assisi. Instantly he was set upon by a howling, jeering mob. His father, scandalized at the disgrace impending, seized his wayward son, dragged him to his house, beat him, and bound him with thongs. But it was all in vain. As though gone mad, Francis stripped himself naked in the public gaze, as sign and symbol of his renunciation of this world's goods, borrowed a rough, coarse garment to cover him, and climbed the mountain-side, singing aloud the songs that welled from out his heart. He sought a monastery and offered his labor; he entered the lepers' hospital and washed their sores; he hunted out neglected shrines, to repair and glorify them. He slept in the fields and woods, and begged his bread from door to door.

On February 24, 1209, as he was hearing mass at the little church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, famous as the Portiuncula, Francis heard the words which laid upon him the command of his life. "Wherever ye go, preach, saying, 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils. Freely ye have received, freely give. Provide neither silver nor gold nor brass in your purses, neither scrip nor two coats, nor shoes nor staff, for the laborer is worthy of his meat.'"

"This is what I want," was Francis's instinctive cry, "this is what I am seeking; from this day forth I shall set myself with all my strength to put it in practise."

II.

"The very next morning," says his biographer, "Francis went up to Assisi and began to preach."

Thus began a career which marked this humble penitent as the first Christian of his day, and has enshrined him through all these seven hundred years as the noblest Christian since Christ. Francis was utterly changed, and was yet the same. The songs of the troubadors were still within his heart, the lure of chivalry still before his eyes. He was in the grip of the same joyous and generous ardor which had impelled him to such extremes of abandon in his unregenerate days. But now he had found a new ideal, had pledged his service to a new King. He was become "a knight of Christ," and in his name created a new order of spiritual chivalry. And the result was such a revival of real Christianity as the world had not seen in a thousand years. It was a renaissance of the spirit, to match the renaissance of learning which was just dawning upon Europe.

Francis's preaching created a sensation. He was no longer now the madman but the saint, so firmly had his sincerity in these last two years impressed itself upon his fellow-townsmen. Disciples began to appear, as they appeared to Jesus in the fields of Galilee, and Francis caught the idea of gathering together a band of comrades to carry his message to the people. In a few weeks he had a group of followers whom he organized informally into a company of "little brothers of the poor," and thus began the great Order of the Franciscans. The rules in this early day were simple—just the words of Jesus, "Sell that thou hast," "take nothing for your journey," "follow me"; the purpose was definite—the imitation of the life of Jesus; the spirit was as joyous as the spirit of the apostles who brought good news to Palestine.

Within a year the number of the "Penitents of Assisi," as they were called at this time, had so increased that Francis had to set himself to the uncongenial task of writing a formal Rule, and thus establish discipline. Needing authority for his work, which was now spreading abroad and incidentally disturbing the regular clergy of the country, he went to Rome, and, by dint of much patience, won endorsement from the great Pope, Innocent III. Needing a home, Francis appealed to the Benedictines, and was granted the use of the Portiuncula, where he had received his final "call." Here the brethren restored the chapel, built little huts of boughs for their abode, and planted gardens for their sustenance.

But the Portiuncula was a headquarters, not a home. One of the great achievements of Francis was that of breaking up the monastic system which shut off the servants of Christ from contact with the world, and thus bringing religion out again into the streets and fields, among the people. None of his companions was allowed to settle down in his cell and forget mankind. Prayer was good, but service was better. So, two by two, the little brothers journeyed through the countryside. They worked with the laborers in the fields, they fed the poor in the cities, they nursed the sick in homes and lazarettos, always and everywhere they sang songs, talked to the people of the joy of kindliness and love and exhorted them to peace. It was a marvelous mission. Larger and larger grew the company of disciples, wider and wider spread their influence of good. Everywhere throughout Italy went these new messengers of light. Soon they were journeying to Germany, Hungary, Spain, crossing over to Morocco and Egypt. Francis himself went to the East with the Crusaders, where he boldly invaded the army of the Infidel, and delivered his message of love to the Sultan himself.

In 1210, when preaching for the first time in the cathedral at Assisi, Francis touched the heart of Clare, sixteen-year-old daughter of the noble house of Sciffi. With ardor the young girl sought him out, and offered herself to his holy service. Francis received her with two companions, cut off her lovely hair as she knelt at the altar, read to her the words of Jesus and pledged her to their obedience. Soon this youthful penitent was joined by other devoted women, and a new Order of "Clarisses" established and installed in the little church of St. Damian, where Francis had received his initial "call." Clare—later Santa Clara, was from this time one of the great figures of the movement. Her relation to Francis was one of ineffable beauty. Between them was utter confidence and a mystic love which knew nothing of sex. "Some-

times," writes Sabatier, "there are souls so pure, so little earthly, that in their first meeting they enter the most holy place, and once there the thought of any other union would be not merely a descent, but an impossibility. Such was the love of St. Francis and St. Clara."

Later still, a third Order, the "Tertiaries," was established for those who had caught the vision but could not leave their homes and vocations, and surrender their whole lives to its service. Men and women of this rank were relieved of the utmost rigors of obedience, but pledged to contributions, labors for the common good, and charity. Slowly a revolution was being wrought in the world of Christendom. A dead rod was everywhere putting forth leaves.

III.

The heart of the movement, the spirit of its life, was the vow of poverty. This vow was absolute. No brother owned anything, but all things were held in common. The Order itself had no property; it received no gifts, accumulated no capital, possessed neither land nor homes nor churches. When the people of Assisi built a house for "the little brothers," Francis would not receive it except as belonging to the bishop. Shrines, set apart for the use of the Order, were accepted simply as loans, for which due payment was made. When the bishop of Assisi protested against such a literal interpretation of the gospel word, Francis replied:

My lord, if we possessed property we should have need of arms for its defense for it is the source of quarrels and law-suits, and the love of God and of one's neighbor usually finds many obstacles therein.

One day a novice, hungry for devotions, asked Francis if he might have a psalter. The Saint refused the request. "When you have your psalter," he said, "you will want a breviary, and when you have a breviary, you will seat yourself in a pulpit like a great prelate and will beckon to your companion, 'Bring me my breviary.'" Then taking up some ashes, Francis scattered them over the head of the novice, repeating, "There is the breviary, there is the breviary."

Poverty, therefore, was absolute. Yet this word but poorly expresses, especially to our luxury-loving age, the thought St. Francis had in mind. His idea contained no suggestion of renunciation or abstinence; his practise involved nothing ascetic or barbarous. In this, as in all things, he was a knight, pledged in joy to "my lady Poverty." She was beauty and delight and joy, and in her service was happiness and perfect freedom. The vow of poverty, therefore, was a vow of liberty. "He who is willingly poor," said Francis, "is free"—free from the care of things, from fear of moth or rust, and thieves. "Poverty," said Francis again, "is that celestial virtue by which all earthly and transitory things are trodden under foot, and all impedimenta are lifted away from the soul, so that she can freely unite herself to the Eternal God." Poverty, in this sense, was liberation. Other men were in prison, but the brethren were free. When the Lady Poverty, it is told, asked to see their monastery, "the brethren led her to a hill and showed her the whole world lying at their feet, and said, 'This, Lady, is our monastery.'"

But freedom was not thus won for its own sake. Liberty meant to Francis and his companions the chance to love and serve. And so, unencumbered, they went forth, like angels of God, to champion righteousness, redress wrong, make peace, and do good to all. Touching and beautiful were their deeds. Harassed men were comforted and strengthened; women, careful and troubled about many things, were given hope and faith; children were blessed, as Jesus blessed them; the hungry were fed, the naked clothed, the sick and the imprisoned visited. Marvelous reports multiplied—of armies turned aside from battle, of bandits brought to repentance, of wolves persuaded to ravin and devour no more. Legends sprang up out of these years as daisies from a New England pasture. The loveliest stories of Christian tradition cluster about the movement. True or untrue, they reveal the spirit of Francis and his men, the beauty they spread abroad, the love they showered upon the world. History has known nothing like it since the days when Jesus and his disciples blessed the multitudes.

The Franciscan ideal was the life of love attained by emancipation from servitude to material things. In the spirit of this ideal, the Franciscans, says one recorder, "brought peace to cities, awakened consciences, changed hearts, conversed with birds, tamed wolves. Of them we may truly say, 'Having nothing, yet possessing all things.' (*Nihil habentes, omnia possidentes*)."

IV.

Why was this movement so triumphant a power in the world? The character of the age is one answer—its materialism, its corruption, its grossness, its political tyranny and ecclesiastical formalism. St. Francis's spirit blew like a wind of health over a miasma of decay, and men lifted their fevered faces and took hope again.

But there were other movements of this day which practised the three rules of poverty, chastity, obedience, and sought faithfully the ways of love. Why were these others lost in the tidal sweep of the Franciscans, and in our time "the little brothers" alone remembered?

There is but one answer—the miracle of personality! St. Francis—what he was and what he made other men to be—tells the story. Like every transcendent leader of an age, the Assisan was a man of passionate ardor, of terrible sincerity. What he espoused, to that he gave his utter being. There were no reservations, no holdings back, no doubts and fears; everything was surrendered to the vision of his heart. As he abandoned himself in his youth to riotings which made him the ring-leader of every bout in Assisi, so in manhood he abandoned himself to preachings and labors which shook Italy and Europe as by an earthquake. A spirit of enormous potency was loosed upon the world when Francis heard the call of Christ, and it conquered like a sword.

Ardent conviction of this type was linked with courage of the first order. The anger of his father, the grief of his mother, the hoots and jeers of his townsmen, sacrifice of poverty, physical comfort, social prestige, could not turn him from the narrow path when he set his feet therein. For years the threats of cardinals and the iron authority of the pope himself could not subdue him to their perverted will. There was tremendous self-assertion

in this little man. But this was an alloy, so to speak, in the pure gold of his humility. He was tempted once to pride by one who asked why he, who had neither beauty, learning, nor noble family, should be desired and obeyed by all. "Whence comes it that it should be thee whom the world desires to follow?" To which Francis replied:

Because the eyes of the Most High have willed it thus; he continually watches the good and the wicked, and his most holy eyes have not found among sinners any smaller man;—he chose me because he could find no one more worthless to confound the nobility and grandeur, the strength, the beauty and the learning of this world.

When a brother sewed a piece of fox-skin under his mantle, to protect him from the cold, Francis insisted on sewing a piece on the outside as well, that there might be no false pretense of austerity. He confessed his own faults first, did the most menial labors of the Order, and accepted nothing of honor or reward. When Otho IV, on the way to Rome to be crowned as Emperor, made his entry into Assisi, Francis would not go to watch the procession and forbade the brothers to attend, lest they be thought to be seeking favors of the great.

In person he was a man of exquisite charm. His gayety was irresistible; the brethren about him were constantly bursting out into peals of laughter. He had "a delicacy and grace," says his biographer, "which made him infinitely lovely." At the heart of such loveliness were a flawless gentleness and courtesy, a quick sensitiveness for others, an unending patience with their failings. When a leper scolded and blamed his attendants, so that none would serve him, Francis took him in his arms, washed his wounds, endured his fretful complaints in silence, and so restored his mind. He had that tact which divines the secrets of the heart and spares weakness without shame. When he saw one of the brothers fasting too rigorously and dying of hunger, he summoned the brother, spread food before him, and himself began to partake, that the other might follow. At another time he took a sick brother by the hand, led him to a grape-vine, and presenting him with a luscious cluster of the fruit, began himself to eat.

Francis was lovable, because, as always in such cases, he was himself a lover. His heart simply poured forth in affection upon all living things, as the sun pours forth its rays upon all the earth. He loved men, bad men as well as good men. When he heard that Brother Angelo had driven away three famous robbers who had come to the hermitage demanding food, he was angry perhaps for the only time in his life, and sent Angelo off post-haste, with food and wine, to find the robbers, and succor them, and "pray them no longer to do wrong but to fear God." He loved animals and birds. When at Greccio a leveret was brought to him in a trap, he ordered the captive released; and when he cried, "Come to me, brother leveret," the timid creature ran to his caresses. One day at Sienna he asked for some turtle-doves, which, being brought to him, he said:

Little sisters, you are simple, innocent, and chaste; why did you let yourselves be caught? I shall save you from death, and have nests made for you, so that you may bring forth young and multiply according to the commandment of our Creator.

And he went and made nests for them all. "He would take up the worms and slow-moving insects from the road where they might be crushed under foot," says Father Cuthbert, "and put them in safety. In a hard frost he was known to put honey near the bees that they might not die of hunger."

Francis loved equally the flowers. When the brothers planted their gardens for food, he demanded that a part of every plot should be grown with blossoms. Nor would he allow this part of the plot to be enclosed, lest the flowers be not able to spread out and enjoy their native freedom. Even inanimate objects stirred his emotion. Thus his noblest utterance is his immortal "Canticle of the Sun," in which he praises God in ecstatic joy for "all his creatures, and especially our brother the sun—our sister the moon, and the stars—our brother the wind,—our sister water,—our brother fire,—our mother the earth."

Such simplicity, like that of little children, marks Francis as first among the mystics. He saw God everywhere and in all things. He was aglow with the sense of unity which binds men together in a divine kinship with one another and with all earth's creatures. With such God-consciousness within his soul, he needed no other power. His was a revolutionary work, but he scorned, as he hated, all authority, all force and violence. Asked by his disciples to get "a privilege" from the pope, that he might not be interfered with by obdurate bishops, he refused, for he said, "I would convert the prelates by humility and respect." Forms and ceremonies, creeds and rituals, were indifferent to him, for the heart that knew God and found therein its life needed none of these things. "The sinner can fast," said Francis, "he can pray, weep, macerate himself, but one thing he cannot do—he cannot be faithful to God."

V.

Dante, in his "Paradiso," speaks of Francis as one who "rose upon the world, a sun." He brought back to a darkened age the light of a gospel which had been forgotten. To a civilization imprisoned in materialism and corruption, he brought emancipation. He restored religion, as the bread of life, to the famished hearts of men. His was a reformation before the Reformation. In him was at once the fulfillment of Catholicism's finest spirit and the preparation of Protestantism's truest freedom. He did not so much imitate or reproduce as incarnate afresh the life of Jesus. After a thousand years Christianity was real again.

Yet did he live, as Jesus lived, to see the world betray him. His Order, grown too large for his simple and naive leadership, was taken from him. Clerical control, and with it worldly power, displaced the loving spirit. His pure ideals were forgotten, his primitive discipline ignored. In 1224, broken in body and heart, he went to the forest of Alvernia, and there in agony of spirit, endured his Golgotha. Blind with weeping he returned to St. Damian, to the care of his beloved Sister Clare. Here, under her gentle ministrations, joy momentarily came back to him; his heart burst forth again into song; he sent out his brethren once more singing over the countryside. As his physical strength ebbed away, he cried, "Welcome, Sister Death." As his last act, he asked to be laid naked on the naked ground, that he might die in the arms of his Lady Poverty. Seven hundred years ago on Octo-

ber 3rd, at the age of forty-four, he passed away. And larks, innumerable, lighted upon the thatch of his cell, and sang!

Less than two years later, on Sunday, July 26, 1228, the good Francis was canonized in solemn ceremonial at Assisi by Pope Gregory IX. Already had he been canonized by the hearts of men who cherished him, as they will cherish him forever.

Seven hundred years is a long time to be remembered. But such lives are too few to be forgotten.

Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for his love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure, for thou, O most Highest, shall give them a crown.—"Canticle of the Sun."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Study Table

(Reviews by John Haynes Holmes)

Myths and Miracles

What would I do if I had a million dollars? Many things, no doubt. One thing, surely, at this particular moment! I would buy ten thousand copies of this book,* and present them to as many thousand modernist ministers in this country, with the request that they read and answer, or else tell the reason why not.

This book has to do with miracles. On this subject more than any other in the religious field, the minds of Modernists are muddy, and their tongues slippery. Asked if they believe in miracles, they will hem and haw, dodge, evade, and compromise, but never under any circumstances give a straight answer. Well, here is the straight answer they avoid, and healthy it would be for them to see it.

Miracles? There are no such things. Now that we know the reign of law, we also know the myth of miracle. This does not mean that some of the alleged miracles have not happened. Stories of healing, from Jesus to Coué, undoubtedly have some basis in fact. But if diseased and distraught persons have been healed, it is strictly in accordance with natural law, physical or psychical, and therefore is not a miracle. Prove by irrefutable evidence, in other words, that a so-called miracle actually occurred, and by the same token you prove that the event is not miraculous at all but strictly phenomenal.

But most miracles never happened, of course! They are the products of imagination, credulity, excitability. The New Testament miracles are as absurd as the Old Testament miracles on the one side and the medieval miracles on the other. The Virgin Birth and the Resurrection are as incredible as the walking on the water or the raising of Lazarus. Mr. Floyd runs through the whole story, follows the thread of miracle from the magic of primitive times down to the magic of our own day, and shows how utterly untenable it all is. The miraculous has simply got to go—*does* go just to the extent that men become intelligent! But not until the whole rubbish heap of myth and fable has been completely cleared away shall we ever see religion in all its own essential beauty and power. For the sake more of religion than of anything else, belief in miracles must be destroyed.

Mr. Darrow has done a thorough piece of work. His book is designedly popular, but is scholarly and therefore trustworthy. It is to the shame of the church —an indictment alike of its intelligence and honesty— that such a book has to be written. But the situation being what it is, we can only rejoice that the book has appeared, and pray that it may be read.

*"Miracles: A Modern View," by Floyd L. Darrow. Published by Bobbs Merrill Company.

Religion as Value

This* is a pathetic book. For three years before his untimely death, Mr. Clutton-Brock was intermittently ill, and in the last months confined helplessly to his bed. He had come to the moment of his life when he was ready to speak out of the maturity of his thought and experience, and make what he hoped might be a "serious contribution to human thought." His interests, predominantly religious, had centered upon the continuing conflict between religions and science, and were organizing themselves into a determination "to find some solution of the problem posed by the discord between man's highest values and the facts of the universe revealed by science." Caught by fatal disease, he hastened to his task, but when he died he left only a few essays and sketches "as a series of preliminary studies" for his *magnum opus*. It is these papers which make up the content of this book.

The volume can thus be judged from no finished standard. It is only "a torso," as the editor, Canon Streeter, points out. Two or three of the essays—"The Visionaries," for example—are pitifully broken fragments. "The Religion of the Particular," one of the most suggestive, was written in intervals of pain during the last few weeks of the author's life, and is not only incomplete but repetitious and vague—the courageously struggling mind could not catch clear outlines and precise ideas. The last essay, on the English Bible, seems to have little to do with the rest of the book, and, excellent in itself, was probably added to fill out the volume. Only essays IV and V, as reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly*, are finished pieces of work, and squarely on the track of the author's creative thought.

Even so, however, Canon Streeter did well to print these essays and thus give them to the world. There are beautiful pages throughout; and always the one recurring message, like a majestic organ note, of the right of the soul to bear witness to the realities which it sees and knows. Clutton-Brock was fundamentally a mystic; he was in revolt against all tendencies toward rationalism. He valued science, and knew that its methods and results were indispensable to life. But he insisted that the heart had its own secrets of which the mind can know nothing. Man has a right to trust his intuitions, his emotional reactions, his spiritual aspirations. There are "values" in life as well as "facts." For behind all beauty there is Beauty, and God still speaks to those who diligently seek him.

"Essays on Religion" has the priceless value of an intimate note book. Here we see the soul of a man, and it is lovely. It is in such confessions that we discover anew "the everlasting reality of religion."

*"Essays on Religion," by A. Clutton-Brock. Published by E. P. Dutton & Company.

The Field

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion."

ABOUT MEXICO

At the close of a month's intensive observation in Mexico, I had an hour with a group of American newspaper correspondents. It was personal conversation; not an interview. I was the questioner and they generously gave me the benefit of their years of experience, as well as of their various personal viewpoints on things Mexican. The next morning one of them came to me with an apology for a "fellow craftsman," saying he had telegraphed his great daily in New York a garbled report of some things said during the conversation. What he telegraphed was that I was "just back from a short tour of inspection of the small towns in the nearby states"; that this tour had given me "a new outlook on the situation precipitated by the church and state conflict"; that I had said that the country was a "tinder box," and that "if somebody throws a match into it there will be a conflagration—a dangerous situation without a doubt."

This is a fair sample of much of the news from Mexico during the past two months. What I had said, in the course of that hour's interesting conversation, was that fanaticism was like a powder train; that the republic was strewn with it; that reactionary elements were seeking to take advantage of it; that there would be explosions here and there; but that my impression was that the Calles administration was strong and resourceful, and had the situation well in hand; that there would be no great trouble, and that prominent business men, both Mexican and American—even those opposed to Calles—had given us that as their measured judgment.

This was not an isolated personal judgment. Our mission, at the close of its formal studies, had unanimously agreed to the following statement: "This group of thirty-two students from the United States has spent two weeks in an intensive study of the Mexican situation covering the ten days around August first. We have interviewed representatives of labor, education, of both Mexican and foreign business, of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, of the protestant churches, and of the government. All have received us with courtesy and talked to us freely. We have seen no riots nor any signs of violence. We searched for such and could discover no disturbances beyond a few of minor type. We are assured by the representatives of all groups, including those of both American and Mexican business, even of those opposed to the government, that the Calles government is strong, is in full command of the situation and that they anticipate no serious trouble."

* * *

President Calles and his co-workers frankly think of their task as that of completing the revolution. Obregon was the military leader and Calles is the organizer of its internal economy, but the task is one and the same. While the religious issue is uppermost just now, it is not the major issue; it is an incident, and a serious incident, but it is not as important as some other things.

* * *

The fact is that foreign capital and the Catholic hierarchy have both exploited Mexico. The former has taken out millions and left no more than thousands behind for the development of the country, and the latter has dotted the land with great churches and religious institutions, sent untold millions to Rome, and at one time itself possessed a major part of the nation's wealth, but left the people ignorant, poor and superstitious. And that is what the revolution is about.

Mexican silver mines have been among the most productive in the world, and the land is rich in other minerals. Hundreds of millions have gone from these underground resources to enrich everyone concerned, but the Mexican people least of all. It boots a land little to mine precious metals, open rich oil wells, till the land and ship out raw materials if the profits go out of the country with the shipment and even labor receives a poor wage for doing the work. That is just what has happened in Mexico. If a government which has set itself to develop the human resources of the nation enacts drastic laws to stop this economic bleeding of the nation, its action can be understood, not by comparing its laws with our own, but by

Correspondence

News About Gandhi

(From our Personal Correspondent)

Editor of UNITY:

I have the pleasure to state that Mahatma Gandhi has now fully recovered his health, and gained much spiritually. People in India now anxiously await to see him coming to the public platform to unite all political parties and establish the reign of peace in the country which is now in a disorderly condition owing to communal troubles created by the government. People from Bengal and the United Provinces to the Punjab have appealed to Mahatmaji to take up once more the lead, and are requesting the All-India Congress Committee to summon immediately a special Congress meeting under his presidency.

Bombay, India. D.

Appreciation

Editor of UNITY:

In sending my renewal subscription for UNITY for the coming year, I would like to say to you how much I have been enjoying the weekly instalments of Gandhi's Autobiography; also to say that I am glad that you are giving it to us in small chapters, so that *the poor business man* may have the opportunity to read it. Like many others, my margin of leisure for reading is limited, and it is a privilege to put a part of it into the story of this great life.

I would like to add how much I have been enjoying the other features of UNITY, especially its unqualified stand for Prohibition. What you said recently about the way the big city newspapers treat this issue, reminded me of the old conundrum, which I have seen credited to our ancient friend, Mrs. Partington. She asked her son one evening: "Ike, why are these newspapers just like soft soap?" And when he gave it up, she said: "Because they are made of pure lye." (Spell the last word properly, and you get the point.) ISAAC ROBERTS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Notice to Special Subscribers

If you took a special subscription to

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last April

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a due consideration of its own conditions. As in the case of the religious regulations, it is not a normal condition and the procedure therefore is not normal. It is a case of social surgery, required by a pathological state of affairs. * * *—From article by Alva Taylor in *The Christian Century* of September 9.

PROHIBITION

The current agitation about prohibition legislation has probably been the occasion for the agricultural press to reassert its opposition to tampering with the Volstead Act. The *Ohio Farmer* (Cleveland) says that farmers favor prohibition for social and economic reasons. They want a decent environment for their children but they also believe that prohibition has been a big factor in increasing the per capita milk consumption and in holding steady and fairly high the prices for dairy products. *Western Farm Life* (Denver) commends the National Grange for being continually on the "firing line," working for prohibition observance and enforcement. The *Washington Farmer* (Seattle) insists that the straw votes taken early this year are not from the farm and are merely the voice of a discontented and small minority in the large cities. It also states that the dairy interests claim that prohibition has been a boon for their business.

On the other hand, the *Pennsylvania Stockman and Farmer* reports that "some farmers about ready to retire have rented their farms to foreigners at a rather high figure only to learn later on that their tenants were less interested in farming than in distilling. Most of the stills found in operation recently have been on rented farms and eighty per cent of them in the hands of foreigners. In most cases the owner of the farm does not know what is going on, as the tenant makes a show of farming in order to avert suspicion. It is wise to be suspicious of the man who is willing to pay a high rental for a farm regardless of its value for agricultural purposes."

The comment of the *Farmer* (St. Paul) upon prohibition is as follows: "If we expressed the opinion that the Volstead law should be repealed or amended, every dry in the Northwest would conclude that we had sold out this publication to the wet interests. On the other hand, if we maintained that prohibition was a success and stood for its strictest enforcement, we would be subjected to the coarse laughter of another large group that consider prohibition, as it is practiced, a failure and a disgrace."

Information Services—Federal Council, Churches of Christ in America.

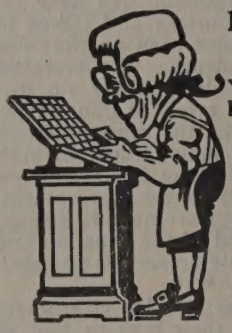
Capriccio

When soft suns of autumn just mock with a shadow,
When thin wind of autumn light blows,
Aye, Swallow, I'd follow,
And follow and follow—
I'd follow the petals of rose!

—*Effie Lee Newsome.*

Compulsion

To compel men to do things against which they have moral scruples is generally recognized as politically inefficient and morally evil. . . . No matter how convinced college authorities may be of the justice of their course, they cannot afford to ignore or do violence to the moral sense of the majority of its students. For the feeling on the part of students that the authorities are exercising arbitrary power without moral justification kills the moral influence of the college.—*Professor Morris R. Cohen, Professor of Philosophy, College of the City of New York.*



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